

## **Private Spaces by Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

Dating the captain of the Atlas has its perks. Chief among them is the fact that Shiro has his own office onboard, and he also has the ability to tell the Atlas not to let anybody else through the door until Keith is done with him.

## Private Spaces

### Author's Note:

I kinda skipped a day of bottom shiro week, sorry ^^; But there's only 2 days left now, and I have plans for both of them! (Tomorrow is Curtis, Sunday is Shiro just having some fun by himself)

Shiro had an office on the Atlas. He rarely used it, spending more of his time on the bridge or in the situation room, but sometimes, it came in handy. Especially because Shiro controlled the Atlas, and could therefore lock the door without having to worry about anyone having override codes, and Atlas wasn't ten thousand years old and hadn't developed enough opinions about her pilot to open the doors without warning (thanks, but no thanks, Red). He used it to hold private meetings or when he just needed some time along, but Keith appreciate it mostly because it meant he had a space where they were guaranteed to have no interruptions while Keith was fucking Shiro over the desk.

Well, except that time all the alarms systems had gone off, but that was because someone had accidentally sent a probe straight into a weblum, thinking it was a particularly fast-moving astral body, and the thing found its way back to the Atlas. Keith still hadn't figured out who'd made that happen. When he did, he was gonna kick their ass.

He bet it was Lance.

It was probably Lance.

Because the Captain's office had kind of turned into their sneaky secret sex... place, Keith had, admittedly, conditioned himself to have certain reactions to the words, "*my office, Paladin.*" It wasn't the kind of reaction he usually associated with someone telling him to go to any office, because the last time that'd happened, it had been Keith getting sent to Iverson to get his ass kicked out of the Garrison, and any time previous was just whatever had led up to that. He hoped nobody tried to send him to Shiro's office for anything serious, because yeah, he'd just get hard.

Keith didn't think anybody else had figured it out, although, Liefsdottir had given him a particularly unimpressed look earlier that day when Shiro had bent to talk into his ear at dinner and had told him to meet him in his office after hours to "get some work done." Liefsdottir kind of looked like that all the time, though.

Nobody batted an eye at Keith walking to Shiro's office even after the ship had switched over to the night shift. He received a few casual nods from night security guards whose faces he only knew from scrambling back to his room after these kinds of "meetings," but nobody tried to stop and engage him in any small talk. Thank god. Keith hated small talk, and for some reason, being the leader of a fighting force that saved the universe a handful of times meant everybody wanted to stop and have a chat.

Keith thought it would slow down once people realized he was kind of quiet and unpleasant to talk to, but Shiro told him he wasn't unpleasant to talk to at all. Keith figured that was kind of different if you were Shiro.

The office doors slid open for him like Shiro had recognized him in his approach. The Atlas had probably picked him out and let Shiro know he was on his way.

Shiro was behind his desk when Keith walked in, and he looked like he was actually working while he waited. Of course. Keith dropped into the chair opposite Shiro's desk and kicked his feet up onto it, the kind of casual insolence that had Shiro's nose wrinkling like he wanted to scold him, but a smile pulling at the corners of his mouth despite it all.

"How's your night been?" Keith asked.

"Getting better," Shiro replied. "I know I should've just told you to meet me in my room, but..."

"But that'd be super obvious?" They were still trying to mitigate any gossip circling around the ship about the Captain and the leader of Voltron being in a relationship. Although, Keith was pretty sure Allura knew, which meant she'd told approximately everybody. Twice.

"That, and," Shiro stood, circling around the front of the desk, "you were driving me crazy at the gym today."

Keith smirked. "Never knew you liked a guy who could kick your ass." He'd pinned Shiro three whole times while they were sparring, although he was pretty sure that third time had been because Shiro wanted him to.

"Me neither," Shiro said, "at least, not before you."

If that wasn't enough of an ego boost, Shiro also knelt in front of him, resting his head on Keith's lap, his arm folded under his chin. Keith knew he was one of very few people that Shiro actually relaxed in front of. It made him feel that much more important to Shiro.

Keith ran his fingers through Shiro's hair. At this point, he kind of just wanted to cuddle all the tension out of Shiro, but that definitely wasn't what Shiro had asked him here for. They'd have time for that later, after Keith snuck into Shiro's room that night.

For now, Keith pulled Shiro up until he was seated astride his lap. Keith always reveled in his ability to lift Shiro, his two-year time difference having made him taller and broader enough that having Shiro on top of him meant he wasn't in danger of being crushed. Shiro kissed him, deep, intentional, his hand cupping the back of Keith's head to keep him right where he wanted him. Not that Keith would spend much time anywhere Shiro didn't want him.

He finally pulled away from Shiro, for just long enough to ask, "what do you wanna do?" even though he was pretty sure he knew the answer. Every time he'd had one of these little meetings with Shiro, it had always ended the same.

The lock on the door clicked shut, and the lights dimmed and went a warmer color, the Atlas itself responding to Shiro's desires. He'd told Keith that the Atlas didn't entirely understand human relationships, but that she knew Keith was good for Shiro, that Keith made him happy, and so she'd do what she could to facilitate the two of them spending time together. Keith

appreciated how relaxed Shiro's enormous sentient warship was. He'd feel weird having sex in the Black Lion.

He was still thinking about how glad he was that the Atlas didn't make things weird, he nearly missed Shiro bending to whisper, "*fuck me*," in his ear.

He didn't, couldn't possibly miss it, primarily because of the shiver that ran up his spine.

"Yeah," Keith said, kissing him again, clutching at his shoulders so tight the gold epaulets started to dig into his palms.

Keith maneuvered them over to the other side of Shiro's desk, taking the time to back Shiro up into it and kiss him before sorting around in his desk drawer for a brief moment. Keith had hidden a bottle of lube in there once, which had gotten him a whole lot of *Keith, you can't just put that there, what if someone tries to borrow a pen from me or something* from Shiro. As of yet, nobody had found it, so Keith was pretty sure it was fine.

They didn't usually manage to get completely undressed for this. Shiro somehow managed to lose his uniform jacket and his undershirt in the time it took for Keith to find the lube, but Keith figured unbuttoning his jacket and unzipping his pants was gonna have to be enough.

It was definitely enough.

Keith knew Shiro didn't prefer this kind of wild, half-clothed fuck, he had that whole thing about taking it slow and things feeling better if you had to wait for them, all that nonsense. Okay, it wasn't complete nonsense. But they didn't exactly have the time it took for Keith to take Shiro apart over a few hours, not when they were barely catching a reasonable amount of sleep between missions, when they had to cram the fate of the universe into a twenty-four hour day.

And also, there was a part of Keith that really liked the way Shiro looked sprawled across his desk, his pants around his knees, his prosthetic fingers opening him up for Keith's cock. Yeah. A big part of him really liked that.

"Keith." Shiro stopped touching himself, his fingers curling around the edge of the desk instead. "Baby, I need you, come on."

And fuck, he wasn't saying no to that.

Shiro showered him in a stream of endless whispered praise as Keith fucked him, and it turned into incomprehensible moans that got louder and louder the longer it went on. Keith would've worried, but if the Atlas could change the colors of the lighting for a more romantic atmosphere, it could sure as hell soundproof the room.

Keith dropped his head to the middle of Shiro's back, his hair falling around his face, blocking out everything except for the span of Shiro's lower back and the sight of his cock entering Shiro, over and over. His hands, still gloved, gripped tighter at Shiro's hips, using his leverage to pull himself closer and closer to Shiro.

Shiro's prosthetic hand disappeared below the desk so he could touch himself, which, Keith supposed, was the upside to having a detached floating hand. It also meant he didn't have as much to stabilize himself with, so he was practically laying on the desk, his face buried in the crook of his free arm, doing little to stifle himself. Not like Keith would've wanted him to, anyway.

Neither of them ever really lasted long when they did this kind of thing. Keith could see the flush spreading down the back of Shiro's neck, bright pink against his white hair, and he moved faster, stretching across the length of him to mouth at his neck. "Are you close?" he asked, and got no response, unless you counted the wordless cry that came out of Shiro's mouth.

It was a question Keith didn't need the answer to, anyway. He could feel Shiro shaking under him, could feel himself approaching the edge, too. It always felt like the lurch in his stomach when he drove his hover bike off a cliff and it was in free-fall for a brief moment before he started to drive again. He wondered if it felt like that for Shiro, too.

One of Keith's hands joined Shiro's under them, and that was all it took to get him to finish, which, unsurprisingly, was Keith's undoing, too. After, he just leaned against Shiro for a moment, his cheek pressed to Shiro's back, both of them struggling to catch their breath. Keith couldn't reach Shiro's hand from this angle, but he grabbed his bicep instead, needing to hold onto some part of him.

They eventually returned to standing upright, and Shiro turned to kiss him, but as soon as he placed his hand on the desk to steady himself, he snatched it back, as though he'd burned himself. It didn't take long for Keith to figure out why—the evidence of their rendezvous was smeared across Shiro's hand and across his desk.

"Ugh," Shiro said, "that's... there, I guess."

He was always a little dopey after sex, like his higher brain function had yet to return. Keith thought it was adorable, and also knew that he himself wasn't much better. "Here," he said, grabbing the cleaning supplies Shiro also kept in his desk and nudging him out of the way so he could go about making it look like they hadn't even been in there. "You've probably got the worst of it, though," he said, because Shiro was gonna have to make the walk back to his quarters with Keith's come dripping out of him. He would've felt more guilty if that wasn't the kind of hot that Keith would have to re-think next time he was in the shower.

"I'm fine, I'll take a shower and throw this stuff in the laundry," Shiro said, buttoning up his jacket again.

Keith finally stole that kiss he'd been wanting, sinking into Shiro's arms in a comfortable, companionable kind of way that he'd hugged him for years, even before their relationship took a turn for the romantic. "Hey," he said, ducking his face to lay his head on Shiro's chest as he spoke. "You wanna come to my room tonight?"

Usually it was Shiro's room. Keith was a trained stealth operative, nobody could catch him going back and forth between Shiro's bedroom. Someone was bound to notice Shiro leaving Keith's room the next morning—he was probably the most recognizable person aboard the Atlas, and he also had an

arm that glowed bright blue and made it nearly impossible for him to hide in dark corners.

If Shiro came home with Keith that night, and if he kept doing it, they were going to have to admit to their relationship. That's why it surprised Keith so much when Shiro left no time for consideration before replying.

"Yeah, that sounds good."

**Author's Note:**

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